

# Jenkins' Story

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Summary: Jenkins somehow survived the events on installation 04. Now he must struggle within himself to defeat the evil presence that fights to control his body and find something worth living for. I recommend that you read the books first. Chapter 2 up.

## 1. Chapter 1 Survival

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters/locations in the Halo universe. I only own my original characters and places.

**\*\*Jenkins' Story\*\***

### Chapter 1 \_Survival\_

Jenkins watched with relief as McKay pulled the pin from one of the grenades strapped to her waist. He was finally going to die, the nightmare was finally over. He sighed as the grenade exploded and he felt himself being torn into millions of pieces. Surrounded by pure white light, Jenkins felt that he was leaving hell at last and ascending towards heaven.

Searing pain ripped through his mind as his fragmented body began to reassemble as the light vanished into the darkness. Jenkins tried to scream as he was yanked back into hell, but all that escaped his mouth was a series of moans and screeches. As the nightmare continued, he was vaguely aware that he was surrounded by covenant in strange uniforms, before he retreated into the darkest corners of his mind to escape the horrors of his existence. He was unaware of anything for a long time as he let the icy consciousness inside take over.

Duramee snorted in contempt as he peered at the monstrosity on the table before him. This creature, this \_thing\_, \_was a fusion of the two things Duramee despised most, the vermin race of humans and the parasite. Still, he felt a pang of pity for the creature before him. He wouldn't wish the flood on anyone or anything, not even a filthy

human.

The straps automatically tightened as the monstrosity struggled and fought against the restraints. Duramee clutch his carbine tightly, longing to end this creature's misery, not out of compassion, but out of disgust. The fact that he had express orders from the Oracle was all that stayed his hand. The Oracle had saved this one from the destruction of the Sacred Ring. Apparently, this one was special to the Oracle. Indeed, this specimen was unique; the flood had not fully infected the host. The internal organs had not liquefied and even though the chest and one of the arms were badly mutated, the rest of the host body remained nearly uninfected. The sight made Duramee shudder as he realized that the host's mind was most likely still functioning, trapped inside its own rotten body. Duramee gave one last shudder as he stepped out of the room and another elite took his place beside the monster, he was not going to sleep well tonight.

Jenkins despaired, he had come so close to ending it all, and yet he was still alive, if this torment could be considered living. He watched as an elite marched out of the chamber and another replaced him. Jenkins had long ago relinquished his body to the icy hungry presence inside of him. His eyes and his mind were the only things that he retained control of. He felt nothing but despair as the consciousness inside of him fought against the restraints. The elite watching him seemed amused at the desperate struggle to escape, clutching his plasma rifles.

The elite Gurgamee turned and raised his dual plasma rifles as the door behind him opened. He quickly lowered them and saluted as the Oracle appeared, humming cheerfully.

"It is time, we must begin the procedure" 343 Guilty Spark stated matter of factly.

"Yes, Holy Oracle" Gurgamee said respectfully, kneeling on one knee. "I will make the necessary preparations."

Gurgamee stood and walked to the console next to the specimen. After a moment, he began to attach a number of superconducting wires to the specimen's neural implants and announced that neural scanning and download was in progress. Gurgamee made one last bow to the Oracle and left the room.

Jenkins resigned himself to his fate as the elite hooked him up like a lab rat and left. He watched as a number of sentinels entered the room behind the blinking blue construct. The sentinels began circling him, sweeping his body with concentrated beams of red light as the construct hummed and directed the sentinels from one task to another.

"Wonderful, we can now begin the dissection process," the strange construct said to no one in particular. "His unique anatomy will no doubt prove very interesting."

Jenkins' eyes light up as he heard the construct talking to itself. Maybe, just maybe, the horror would end here.

343 Guilty Spark cheerfully directed the sentinels to prearranged positions around the specimen. He hummed as their dissection beams

started to charge and was about to begin the procedure when he was interrupted by a group of elites who entered the small room.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" Sparky demanded.

"Holy Oracle," Gurgamee said as the group of elites knelt, "this facility is under attack and we have suffered numerous containment breaches. We were ordered to take you to safety."

As if to emphasize the point, the entire station groaned and listed to one side.

"That blasted Arbiter is cutting the cables. Retrieve the Oracle and meet me in the main hangar!" a voice commanded in Gurgamee's earpiece.

"Please Oracle," he shouted over the creaking and snapping metal, "we must hurry!" as the station lurched beneath his feet.

343 paused and replied sadly "Very well, it is a pity. His dissection and classification would have been most enjoyable." Turning towards his sentinels he added in a careless tone "dispose of the specimen and proceed to containment protocols."

343 left the room with his entourage of elites as the sentinels turned their single eyes toward Jenkins in unison. Their lasers began to charge once more and Jenkins knew the end was close.

The sentinels paused as the station gave a huge lurch and leveled out. Everything went silent. The sentinels were about to return to their bloody work when the sounds of metal twisting and fragmenting filled the air. With tremendous roar, the station lurched into freefall. The sentinels, caught by surprise, exploded as the ceiling rushed down to meet them. The sentinel nearest Jenkins released a small electromagnetic burst that accompanied its destruction. Jenkins screamed as the data stream in his head reversed course, filling his head with so much data, it felt as if his head would explode. The restraints that were holding him clicked open as the computers went berserk. Jenkins continued screaming as his implants began to overload, the power to the station, however, failed just before the implants did. Jenkins passed out from the pain in his head, but the parasite did not.

Weakened by the attack, but still in control, the flood dragged Jenkins' body out of the small room. The battle raged on around it, but the infection in Jenkins did not have the strength to fight, it's only goal was to survive. Weakly, it carried Jenkins through the winding passages of the doomed station. Eventually, Jenkins' body came upon a covenant specter being fiercely contested by both the Covenant and the flood. The Covenant currently had control of the small ship, but they could not leave until they had purged it of the flood. The icy presence inside Jenkins watched with satisfaction as one by one, the Covenant fell, regretting that it was too weak to help. As the flood wiped out the last of the Covenant, Jenkins' body crawled inside along with other combat and infection forms. A command form took control of the ship and they were able to undock seconds before the section that they had been on burned away in the ever thickening atmosphere.

Jenkins was jolted back into consciousness as the ship rocked back

and form, struggling to evade plasma fire. He found himself surrounded by flood, but didn't particularly care. He didn't particularly care about anything. All he wanted was to die. This however, was quickly proving impossible. His regenerative abilities prevented him from committing suicide and every time death seemed near, Jenkins would be saved by a mere fluke.

The ship rocked as plasma fire racked across its bow. Jenkins could tell that the infection inside his chest was weakening; possibly dying because of the shock he had received in the lab.

\_I just hope it takes me with it\_ was all he could think as the ship, in a desperate gamble to survive, made a blind jump into space.

## 2. Chapter 2 Unwelcome Visitors

Thank you to every body who reviewed my last chapter, especially Dragon Scales 13, sharpshooter one two five, Warrior, Derek and his Yami, my very first reviewers ever. I enjoyed your comments and I welcome any future suggestions on where the story should go. Thanx and enjoy chapter 2

Disclaimer: I don't own my own pizza shop, strawberries or Cortana. Oh yeah, and everybody/everything in the halo story. What I do own is my original characters/locations and a 1976 pinto with a gas leak.

### Chapter 2 \_Unwelcome Visitors\_

Lieutenant Ashcroft watched as the Covenant Phantom sped towards the base, weaving erratically. Dang the Covenant and their hyperspace technology. The ship had materialized behind the massive MAC guns that orbited the asteroid base and evaded the primary defenses entirely. Automated turrets began to open fire as the ship approached the surface.

\_How did those bastards find us?\_ Ashcroft thought to himself as he looked his squad over, noticing that they shifted their weight nervously, tightly clutching their weapons.

Smoke bellowed from the ship like an angry cloud as one of the plasma batteries exploded. The phantom lost control and began to spiral. Edward appeared in the Lieutenant's HUD.

"Be ready Lieutenant, impact with surface in 5 seconds. 4 seconds. 3 seconds. 2 seconds. the ship has crashed .3 clicks west of your position. Proceed to the target and neutralize the covenant threat. For some unknown reason, the ship has not transmitted our coordinates; I suggest you neutralize it before it does so." The AI clicked off and Ashcroft signaled his men to move out.

Two of them boarded captured ghosts as he jumped into a warthog with two others. The wheels spun as a nav marker appeared in his HUD. Without hesitation they headed towards the target.

Bentley and Rucoba circled the crash in their ghosts, surveying the wreckage. Nothing stirred as McKinsey grabbed a portable turret from the warthog and began to assemble it. Gretsky clicked the safety off of his own mounted turret as he surveyed the scene

anxiously.

"Edward, what have you got for us?" Ashcroft asked through a private Comm link in his helmet.

"I'm not detecting any lifesigns, it seems that those covey freaks died in the crash." The AI responded, "But the motion detectors are off the charts. Something's definitely in there so proceed with caution. Edwards out."

Now Ashcroft was getting nervous. No life signs, but lots of movement probably didn't mean anything good. Bentley and Rucoba returned and dismounted their ghosts. Slamming clips into their automatic weapons, they stared anxiously at the hatch.

"Something is very, very wrong here," McKinsey muttered. The others nodded. Ashcroft regained his composure and signaled Bentley and Rucoba to advance as McKinsey and Gretskey covered them. A loud boom echoed through the thin atmosphere of the asteroid as the hatch began to break and bend under extreme pressure as something fought to get out. Bentley and Rucoba began to back up as the banging continued, warping the hatch. With the sound of screeching metal, the hatch exploded outward, flying away from the wreckage as though it sought to escape the monstrosities inside.

"Fire!" Lieutenant Ashcroft screamed as something horrible burst from the opening.

The marines unloaded with everything they had. Volleys of armor piercing automatic fire pierced the air, raining death upon the first attackers. The onslaught of enemies continued, however, and the first that were free of the ship launched themselves high into the thin atmosphere, landing among the marines. Ashcroft cut two of them in half with a stream of automatic fire before they could land. Another, however, on its descent lashed at Ashcroft with a foul, unnatural tentacle and a neat line appeared in his suit. Blood began to spray as his atmosphere started to vent. Breathing just became a whole lot harder, as he now had to depend on the extremely thin atmosphere of the asteroid for his oxygen supply. Ashcroft, however, barely had time to notice as he blew the thing's head off with a full clip from his assault rifle.

Tossing the empty gun away, the Lieutenant drew both of his pistols and began to shoot anything that moved, mowing his enemies down in a surge of adrenaline and rage. Then, as quickly as the battle had started, it was over. Ashcroft walked over to one of the bodies that was still twitching, kicked it over and unloaded the remainder of his clip into its face.

Ashcroft breathed a sigh of relief as he surveyed his team. No casualties, but three of them, including himself, had compromised suits. He was already feeling the effects of the extremely thin oxygen as he staggered to the warthog to retrieve the necessary tools to repair his suit.

"Oh crap! Lieutenant, Rucoba's not looking so good." Bentley yelled through the intercom.

That is the understatement of the century, Ashcroft thought as he surveyed the scene. Rucoba was literally holding his guts inside with

his hands. He needed surgery now, or he probably wouldn't make it.

"Patch him up soldier," Ashcroft commanded, "and call for evac and squads two and three to send backup."

"Yes sir," Bentley snapped as he filled Rucoba up with biofoam and closing the wound with medical tape. Soon after, he resealed Rucoba's suit with the liquid polymer stashed in the jeep and began to pump in backup oxygen; he soon did the same about his own wounds and suit.

The Lieutenant did the same for himself, noticing that he could see shards of bone from his chest sticking through the neat cut in his suit. He swore, but continued without so much as another murmur as he filled himself up with the stinging biofoam. Once everyone was patched up and help was on the way, Ashcroft signaled for them to move in while Rucoba, wounded as he was, covered them with the turret. They had gone no more than a few steps however as bloated forms appeared, waddling from the wreckage. His marines did not wait for an order as they unloaded. Ashcroft watched with a certain satisfaction as they exploded, one by one. His grin of satisfaction fell quickly from his face as the explosions propelled yet another menace towards them. The small creatures skittered and danced as they deftly avoided the hail of bullets. Whenever one was hit, it exploded, causing others in the near vicinity to do the same, but there were simply too many to take out. Ashcroft watched in horror as his fallen enemies suddenly reanimated as the small, spiderlike creatures buried themselves in the corpses' chests. Without hesitating, Ashcroft primed a grenade and saw the others do the same. In unison, four grenades bounced in the midst of their opponents and gore flew everywhere, splattering on Ashcroft's HUD. Lasers wiped the goo from his mask just in time to see Bentley drop his empty gun and sprint towards the jeep. Ashcroft would have shot him then and there for being a coward if he didn't have bigger problems. He and Gretsky were standing back to back, firing salvos in a semicircle, struggling to keep the tides at bay. One particularly large monster began running towards Ashcroft as he unloaded on it. His bullets however did little other than piss it off and Ashcroft knew it was over when his ammo depleted. Ashcroft stood there frozen when he heard a loud roar behind him and turned just in time to see a rocket rush by him and strike the creature in the torso, blowing it to pieces and destroying all the surrounding foes. Bentley tossed Ashcroft a fresh clip and reloaded his rocket launcher as Ashcroft slammed the clip into the chamber and resumed fire; Bentley was definitely getting a promotion for that. Then all went silent once more. The spinning barrels of the turrets slowed as smoke rose from the end of the death-spewing tubes. The three of them, Gretsky, Bentley and himself, stood back to back, searching for the source of what they all heard. The skittering continued and bits of flesh flashed briefly before disappearing once more behind rocks, followed by bursts of gunfire. McKinsey approached cautiously, having retrieved more ammo from the jeep, including a number of captured Covenant plasma grenades. The small nightmarish figure appeared and vanished once again amongst a storm of bullets. And then the sound stopped. Cautiously, Bentley approached the last place where the creature had appeared, sweeping his gun back and forth, when the thing appeared from nowhere and latched onto Bentley's throat. Bentley screamed and backed up, dropping his weapon in an attempt to save himself from the cursed thing, but it was all for nothing as the creature disappeared into his throat and Bentley

fell, gurgling on his own blood. Gretsky rushed over to help him, but was too late as Bentley's biosignature winked off in Ashcroft's HUD proclaiming the apparent, he was dead. Sadly, Gretsky tried to arrange him to look as though he had died peacefully, crossing his arms and laying his rocket launcher beside him. But war waits for no one. Ashcroft walked over, put his hand on Gretsky's shoulder and firmly moved him away from the corpse. With somber hearts, Gretsky, McKinsey and Ashcroft headed toward the target once more.

As they entered the Covenant craft at last, their HUDs automatically adjusted to the darkness within, bathing everything in an eerie green glow. Nothing moved. The Lieutenant saw a shape on the floor and carefully advanced. As he drew nearer he saw that it was a marine, naked from the waste up and had an arm and chest like the monstrosities they had just destroyed. There was a crazed look in his eyes, as though he didn't know what was going on. His lips were moving, as though he was trying to say something and Ashcroft noticed two dog tags around his neck. Private Jenkins, one of the tags read. Ashcroft leaned closer to hear what the poor private was trying to tell him, but the poor soldier's low mumbling was suddenly interrupted by Rucoba, still out on the turret, shouting on the Comm system.

"\_Sir, Iâ€¦I can't believe it, it's a miracle Sir. Bentley he's, he's aliveâ€¦Bentley buddy your okay, thank I goodness I thoughtâ€¦hey, wait, what are you doing? Come on buddy don't do that. Please don't. Bentley, if you don't stop now, I'll be forced to fire, don't do thisâ€¦I'm sorry." \_The sound of automatic fire rattled through the Comm system.

"Stand down!" Ashcroft shouted over the link.

Rucoba responded breathlessly "\_I can't Sir, he's not giving me a choiceâ€¦he's become one of them. Oh #\_â€¦." Rucoba paused for a second, before he softly whispered on a private Comm link with Ashcroft, "\_Goodbye Sir.\_"

The sound of an explosion filled his ears along with the screams of a dying comrade. The blood he had frozen in Ashcroft's veins at the news that Bentley had risen from the dead became even thicker as his friend died, killed by the hand of another friend.

Ashcroft sank to his knees, feeling an emptiness enter him, despair flowed through him as he looked in the infected marine at his side and saw the same hopelessness reflected in his half crazed eyes. He stayed there for a moment, his mind blank except for the despair he was feeling, numbed by fear.

McKinsey's voice cackled on the radio, "Sir, Bentley is approaching the ship, request permission to engage."

Ashcroft came out of the trance long enough to reply "Negative soldier, he's got a rocket launcher. Hide in the ship. We will take it by surprise."

McKinsey and Gretsky acknowledged, but the Lieutenant hardly noticed. The icy numbness that he had felt was transforming into a raging fire of hatred. He was going to take this thing down personally. Taking one of the plasma grenades from his belt, he crept into the shadows next to the door. He was going to stick the grenade onto the bastard

before he knew what was happening.

Ashcroft moved behind the thing as it lumbered into the ship, holding the rocket launcher at ready. Ashcroft paused, from behind there was no indication that any thing was wrong with his friend. Ashcroft's hesitation nearly proved fatal as the monstrosity turned and smacked him in the side with the butt of his launcher, sending Ashcroft flying across the ship, ribs snapping. The unprimed grenade flew somewhere unknown. Ashcroft looked up and saw, through the blood in his eyes, the most terrible thing he could have imagined, advancing on him, determined to squeeze the last breaths from its victim's lungs. What he saw had no semblance of his former friend. The uniform had been shredded, the helmet blown off, along with half of the face, thanks to Rucoba's last stand. The flesh that showed seemed to be rotting even as he watched and bright red blood mixed with a sickly green fluid flowed from its wounds. Ashcroft hung his head, knowing it was all over. He didn't mind dying, he just hoped he wouldn't meet the same fate as Bentley. The monstrosity that had stolen his friend's body rose the launcher into the air, preparing to strike. This next blow would crush his skull. He closed his eyes and thought of his family, soon he would be joining them.

The blow never fell. Ashcroft looked up after a moment and was surprised to see, three barbed tentacles protruding from the monster's chest. The creature slowly dropped the weapon and fell to its knees, and then, finally, on the floor. Ashcroft watched as the tentacles retracted back to their source; Jenkins' wrist. The two men's eyes met as McKinsey and Gretsky rushed to help their superior officer. The last thing Ashcroft saw before he fainted from the pain was a sliver of hope enter the private's eyes.

End  
file.